

Title: The Shattering

Author: Nystul

Long has the shattering
of the Gem of
Immortality weighed upon
my thoughts. A lifetime
I have spent studying
the mystic arts, and yet
it is only lately that I
have begun to uncover
even the least of the
Gem's secrets.

Two things have become
clear to me. Both
warrant further
investigation, though it
seems I shall leave this
place soon, and it is
not clear to me who will
carry on with my
research. I record my
discoveries in this
notebook in the hope
that it will be of use
to my successors, after
I depart this world.
First, I have uncovered
proof that no hand but
that of the Stranger,
who defeated Mondain,
could have shattered the
Gem. A stranger not only
to our people, but to
our entire reality, the
laws and harmonies
binding him were somehow
different than those
that act upon us. It was
this differing set of
qualities that allowed
the Stranger to interact
with the Gem on a plane
closer to its own
abstract reality,
ultimately shattering
it.
That those of differing
planes can have
influence and effect

upon our world brings to mind a most disturbing line of thought, best left for another day- yet I feel I must note it now. There was once a madman who attempted to cast a most terrible spell, one which would bring about the cessation of all life upon our world. He and his followers failed, thankfully. But it seems as though the spell itself was designed by those not of our world.

I leave this, then, for another day, and will concentrate upon my second realization.

Within each shard of the Gem of Immortality lies a perfect likeness of the world as it was at the very moment the Gem was shattered. My liege has confessed many things to me, many disturbing things, about the influence the Gem's power still holds upon these worlds.

It is possible that within each of these shards lie copies of the shattered remains of the Gem of Immortality. I had thought this impossible, that the Gem transcended our reality and was no longer a part of our world. Yet I gaze upon the shining facets of a shard, looking at the world slowly spinning within, and it seems obvious I was wrong.

The stone's sinister power was not destroyed when the Stranger shattered the stone, but instead spread throughout the shards themselves.

Thus the question begs:

does this recursion go
on forever? Are there
worlds within worlds,
scattered like
dandelions on the wind,
lying in my trembling
hand? And what influence
does the Gem yet have
upon them?